Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, March 1, 1917 Number 1

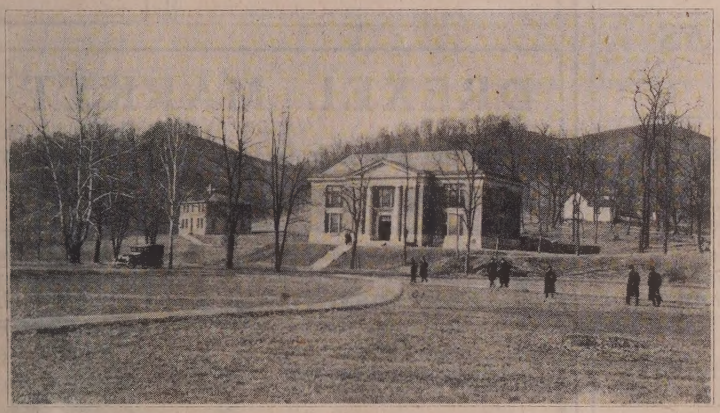
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

I want you to do something for those mountain people who have been shut out of the world all these years. *I know them.* If I live I will do all I can to aid you, and between us we can do them the justice that they deserve.



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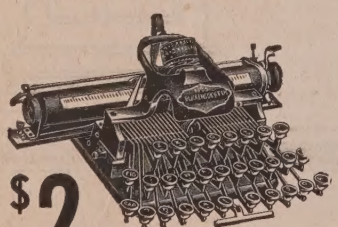

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1917. NUMBER 1

Another Unity Birthday

It is with peculiar pleasure that UNITY comes to another anniversary. For thirty-nine years the present writer has responded to the insistent call of the only devil of whose existence he is assured, viz.: the printer's devil. The incessant demand for copy has been steadily met in quantity however it may have fallen short in quality. With the exception of the first year the responsible editorship has been in the same pair of hands.

Of course these anniversaries, like the telegraph poles studied from the window of a flying train, have become monotonous. We have no desire to undertake any new statement of the old causes, still less any desire to discover fresh causes to champion, for the rallying cries of thirty-nine years ago are still to our mind supreme and as imperative as ever. Something has been achieved, many new friends have been found to help, many dear old friends have fallen out by the way, but the old motto which we put on our title page thirty-nine years ago, is there still and still challenges all parties concerned to the best that is in them.

Freedom—Not only freedom from outside fetters of outgrown forms and external creeds, but freedom from one's own prejudices, timidities and conventionalities.

Fellowship—Not only fellowship with those whom we like but with those from whom we differ. Not the fellowship of our "own household," interpreted by denominational, national or racial lines, but the fellowship of the spirit, the fellowship that tries to make real the brotherhood of man and all that that should imply.

and Character—The test and measure of the preceding quests. That is not freedom that does not make for goodness and that is not fellowship that does not ripen into love. "Character is the stone that cuts all other stones."

In Religion—All three of these graces come into their full consciousness and highest potency at the altar of religion. Reverence, adoration, humility, service, all meet in the devout life. Whatever causes, and they are numerous, which UNITY has espoused as best it could during these thirty-nine years, they have all been rooted in the one great cause of religion, and religion not only as the grace of the inner life, the sacred experience of the individual, but religion in the plural number, religion in its organized form, a social compact. Religion finds its highest efficiency and some of its sweetest consolations in that most enduring, far reaching and still most potential of human organizations, known as the church. UNITY has believed in, and will continue to work for the church, ever becoming, but never having arrived; the church that seeks interdenominational companionship, interracial comradeship, a church based deep in the realities of nature, the normalities of every day life.

Internationalism, temperance, woman's suffrage, industrial justice, purified politics, art, poetry, philosophy, all these causes we have tried to advance by and through the inspirations of universal religion. Our old devotion to the ideals of the so called Liberal denominations, Unitarian, Universalist, Hicksite, Progressive Friends and the Ethical Culture movement, still holds and will in the future as in the past claim our coöperative sympathy, and where they disappoint, our aim will be to criticize by creation.

Our devotion to the Free Religious Association, our work in and for the Parliament of Religions and the children thereof, the Congresses of Religion of the various states and the national federation, seeking synthesis, still represent our present attitude and our future ambitions.

Ten years ago, with our Thirtieth Anniversary in mind, we appealed to our readers to help decide whether our Fortieth Anniversary should find us resigned on our death-bed or taking a new hold on our work with a fresh lease on life. That question would be decided by the fate of the quest, by some thought audacious, the establishment of a Thirty Thousand Endowment Fund, a fund to be entrusted to the Abraham Lincoln Centre, an incorporated body under the laws of the State of Illinois, the earnings of which would be forever devoted to the publication of ideas and ideals, through UNITY as long as it served the above described causes, and in any other way when in the fullness of time a better way appeared. We asked for one thousand dollars for each year of its life. At last, not on its Thirtieth Anniversary but at the end of its thirty-ninth year, ten years from the time we started, the fund has reached $30,047.92, contributed by some four hundred and sixty different subscribers, all but $155 of which is actually at work in the hands of Mr. S. W. Lamson, Treasurer of the Abraham Lincoln Centre corporation, and this $155 subscribed by eight different persons is undoubtedly as good as the bank.

In his long ministry of forty-seven years the Editor

of UNITY has launched many financial schemes, a goodly proportion of which have been carried to fruition, but all things considered he is inclined to think that this UNITY Endowment scheme is the greatest triumph, the most remarkable success, for this undertaking was in the interest of intangible things. It was purely a campaign in the interest of ideas and ideals, carried on in the face of the most clamorous "calls," for "immediate needs" and "business demands."

The whole story of this fund has not yet been told, how could it? because its friends have been too busy working on it, and the triumph is too recent, but when it is told, as we hope it will be, it will be seen that it has been literally gathered from ocean to ocean and far beyond the boundaries of our nation. It has been made up of the consecrated "mickle" of the poor and the lonely, as well as the generous "muckle" of the favored. We content ourselves on this Tenth Anniversary of our quest, by giving heartfelt thanks to the helpers far and near, many of whom had to sow in faith and have passed to the beyond without knowing of the fruition.

Of course ten years have elapsed in maturing this Thirtieth Anniversary Fund and poetic justice would require that our fund by this time should be forty and not thirty thousand, and of course with the "increased cost of living" it is our due, and we have a subtle "hunch," pardon the slang, that the additional ten thousand is coming from some place. But we are content in being able to say that with this assured income UNITY, which has of course "never paid"—what religious press has?—but which has also never failed to meet its obligations, by virtue of the free rent and free service of office and editorial force, is comparatively on "easy street." We are not asking for more money though we are willing to give the treasurer's address on inquiry.

But now we are asking for more readers. Has not the time come for pushing along these lines? Is it asking too much that we should come to our Fortieth Anniversary, March 1st, 1918, with five hundred more subscribers than we have today? We have no premiums to offer. Our long experience shows there is not much gained by short "trial subscriptions" nor "half price temptations." The only resource at our command that promises permanent results is the good will of our readers. We turn to them in this critical juncture when civilization and religion itself are being tested as never before. We do not ask now for your money, but we ask for a *bit of yourselves*. Are there not somewhere in these distracted times, when our country is menaced by far reaching infidelity to the ideals of democracy, the claim of Christianity, the gospel of the Nazarene, at least five hundred other people who, if they knew of UNITY, would be glad to be enrolled among its readers?

Think about it, dear readers, and take this last word written on the last day before the Editor takes his annual "Escape" from the Chicago March weather, as an expression of his unbounded gratitude and unmeasured love and continuous loyalty. Bless you all! In order to do as well in the future as we have done in the past we must do better. Will every reader try to double his reading capacity by sending us one new name?

With this issue, the Senior Editor takes his annual flight and his connection with the Chicago office will be attenuated. We hope it will be an occasion by which our readers may be favored with more wit and wisdom from our associates. From time to time as opportunity offers, there will be "editorial correspondence," but be that as it may, the UNITY work continues and UNITY is doing business at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. In our news column, the arrangements at the Centre for Sunday and week-day activities during the month of March are announced.

The *Literary Digest* for February 4 gives elaborate consideration of the incidental issues in connection with the beneficent attempt to avert war. Is it not an immense assumption, vitiating logic and conscience, that charges a reluctance to precipitate the United States into this awful imbroglio as evidence of anti-British feeling, and is it not a still wilder assumption which declares that precipitating the United States into this war with its long-armed manoeuverings would hasten the end of the war? And is not an end of the war brought about by more widows' tears and orphans' cries just the kind of an end that does not end? Peace is born of love and not of hate. War is impossible without hate, and if the United States and Germany refuse to fly at each other's throats, it is because they do not adequately hate one another; but can we not at the same time refuse to hate Germany and continue to love England and all the rest of them?

UNITY has not always rejoiced in the aggressive and oftentimes belligerent partisanship of James R. Mann, minority leader of the House of Representatives, but it rejoices greatly in Mr. Mann's sane attitude toward the insane mania for preparedness, immediateness, and a general haste to force the issue between one of the belligerent parties and the United States Government, while it has so long been blinking at so many inconveniences, not to say affronts, from another of the belligerent parties. A nation which has indulged in such profitable neutrality on the one side cannot ruthlessly plunge one hundred million people into war on account of certain incivilities and indignities which it has suffered from the other side, in-

cident to its proximity to a continental madness. Mr. Mann's amendment to the record breaking house appropriation bill was not only timely but prophetic in its wisdom. The fifty-five million dollars naval fund carried with it the "reaffirmation of the policy of this country to settle its international disputes by mediation or arbitration." It will be a sorry day for the United States if its Senate refuses to endorse Mr. Mann's appeal to reason.

Prohibition and Woman's Suffrage seem to be running a race on the Federal course. The friends of woman's suffrage have exulted in the twelve states and one territory which crowned their many years of faithful labor. Almost at an unexpected moment here come two and possibly three more states. North Dakota and Ohio sure, and Indiana only waiting the governor's signature. Illinois has lost its prestige of being the only state east of the Mississippi. Now come Indiana and Ohio, Maine has just provided for a referendum, and the rest are sure to follow. We realize that the word "limited" is somewhat aggravating, but it becomes the rational worker to be devoutly thankful for points already gained. Practically the principle of woman's suffrage is triumphantly recognized when a right to vote for President and all the other officers at the option of the people except such as had the misfortune of being mentioned in the state constitutions, which in most cases are such threadworn tatters that the demand for a new garment is urgent. The rest of the way is simply a matter of dilligent effort. Woman's Suffrage has every cause for congratulation and a hopeful outlook. If the women's cause persists, it may even yet overtake the temperance cause, with which it has more in common than a mere propinquity of agitation. The triumph of one is the triumph of both. Hurrah!

It is not for us to interpret Mr. Ford's motive in tendering his shop to the government in case of need. But it must have been a jar to the captains of industry and the fighting bankers who quietly look forward to an increased prosperity in case of war. When the DuPonts and the Bethlehem Works and the patriots of Wall Street offer their business plants, rather than their hired men or their wife's relations, to the government, we will begin to have a war that is inspiring. Meanwhile, let us not mistake shams for realities. There is a tin-horn patriotism and a flag-pole valor that is tremendously depressing at the recruiting stations.

The latest achievement in show-window patriotism is an electric contrivance that waves the flag by machinery.(?)

A President—Not a Dictator

While the partisan motive is subject to question and always deplorable when great issues are at stake, we can but regard the unexpected hesitancy on the part of a large number of senators to give to President Wilson *carte blanche* power to do what he will and when he will along the sensitive picket line between peace and war, as a return to sanity. The blighting curse of military philosophy is that it assumes that *ultimatums,* "overt acts," and the haste of the battlefield are justified at critical junctures between nations —a philosophy which has been left behind a long way in the adjustment of difficulties between individuals. The man who takes a shot-gun along when he carries a grievance to the neighbor that joins him is known for what he is, either as a bully or as a law-breaker, perhaps both.

The President is still the servant of the people, not the dictator. It is his protection as well as duty to abide by the decision of the majority. A pugnacious orator, ridicules the idea of a referendum as to war. "Imagine," he says, "a case where the vote is close; what would the administration do under such circumstances?" Do what it does always: try as best it can to carry out the wishes of the democratic majority, or if the emergency is such that his conscience will not allow him to yield to the wish of the majority, there is always the honorable open door of resignation. He can give back the trust which he is unwilling to execute.

Ultimatums belong to beasts of prey. They are tiger tactics. The boy who struts around with a chip on his shoulder, daring anyone to knock it off, is a *boy* and a very *silly boy* at that and the chances are he adds to silliness an element of cowardice. The highest test of courage, as the experience of everybody shows, is to keep cool in a hot time, exercise patience when the temptation is to "pitch in." Fury is not philosophy. It was the fell *ultimatum* in 1914 that brought about this horrible calamity. If the time for an answer had been expressed in days and not in hours, the war probably would have been averted. Certainly if it had been expressed in weeks and not in days, the war would have been impossible. War comes when the contending parties withdraw their feet from under the same table, and peace will come whenever these parties will put their feet back under the same table, and it will come in no other way. Pacifists are busy in discussing a minimum program for peace. The ultimate and adequate minimum for which UNITY asks is to get together, put your feet under the same table, anywhere, under any provocation, and the chances are that all the rest will follow. "Peace without victory" may seem more distant now than ever, but it contains the maximum of military strategy as well as of civilized statesmanship.

Mrs. Carrie Collins Reed

Another gentle spirit, a potent personality, an apparently indispensable element in the life and work of Abraham Lincoln Centre, All Souls Church and UNITY has been taken from us.

The finer elements were delicately combined in Mrs. Reed; an air of refinement enveloped her. She was attuned by culture to the finer enjoyments of life. Music, art and poetry were hers to enjoy. Language for her was purified and ennobled by her knowledge of languages.

A sense of breadth, a power to grasp things broad and things far, went with her. She had appropriated history and delighted in philosophy.

And lastly hers was the heroism that gives the courage to endure, the valor of patience, the conquering power to persist. She met the last foe with a cheer. Hers was a valor that renders the achievements on battlefields coarse and cheap.

All these elements ripened in her into a talent for service. The companionship of the cultivated, the privileges of the favored classes were open to her but she preferred to give the margin of time, strength and means beyond the demands of her own home to the service of little children, the ministry of a liberal religion in darkened homes. For eleven years and a half she worked in the Sunday School of All Souls Church, for eight of these years she was the Superintendent. She neglected the boulevards in the interest of the alleys. She knew the way up the back stairs on side streets into the homes of poverty, of sickness and of sin, and the left hand never knew what the right hand was doing. She has written her own epitaph on the hearts of little children and when she is forgotten by her comrades her little children will grow up and call her blessed. The following lines of Mrs. Reed's own composing were read by her friend, comrade and coworker, the Editor of UNITY, by the side of the open grave in Rosehill on the twenty-first of February.

On thy warm and fragrant breast I lie,
Dear earth-mother,
An humble wondering child, nor try,
To know thy untamed heart.

Thy joyous pulses in the ground,
Eternal mother,
In mine ears their rhythms sound
With whisperings low of life.

From thy warm and streaming breast,
Fruitful mother,
Life's full richness have I pressed,
To thine arms I come—for rest.

If a book is dull, that is a matter between itself and its maker; but if it makes me duller than I should otherwise have been, I have a grievance.

Samuel McChord Crothers.

A Lincoln Pilgrimage

(Concluded.)

SERVICE AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Louisville, Ky., Sunday Evening, February 11, 1917.

Rev. E. L. Powell, Minister of the Christian Church, said, by way of introduction: "There was a man sent from God whose name was—I wonder if the men of the South who wore the gray and the men of the North who wore the blue can as a matter of deep conviction complete that sentence with the name of Abraham Lincoln. As one who has come to middle age and therefore is not old enough to have participated in the great struggle, but as one who has lived and thought sufficiently long in studying the meaning of the great currents and tides of human history, I desire to register my profound conviction in the light of the benediction and blessing which has followed the struggle, that there was a man sent from God whose name was Abraham Lincoln. As a Southern man with all the traditions and memories of the South deep in my heart, I am here to say that I profoundly believe that Lincoln was God-guided and God-inspired to do the work which was done. He spake the message of Jesus, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and that text, from the lips of the Master himself, made inevitable the conflict. But out of it has come no artificial meaning based upon formal or constitutional statements, but a union cemented by the blood of the North and the blood of the South, for, whether we of the South meant it or not, we were contributing through our self-sacrifice a heroic endeavor to the fulfillment of God's purpose that there should be on this American continent one Nation, one people, one flag, in order that we should be prepared at this very hour to play such a part in the great world history as makes us thrill in anticipation."

Mr. Powell then introduced Colonel Andrew McCowan, who knew Lincoln and loved him and who in the following words presented Dr. Robb Zaring:

"Tomorrow will be the 108th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Many of us participated in the ceremony when President Roosevelt laid the corner stone of the Memorial Building on the Lincoln farm. Many of us were present eighteen months later when President Taft dedicated the completed building which enshrines the humble log cabin in which that great son of Kentucky was born.

"I met President Lincoln four times during the war; once on the battle lines of the Army of Potomac where it confronted the Army of Northern Virginia. I saw him once under fire when General Early's army had come from Petersburg to capture the capitol at Washington. I saw the fight between the 2nd Division of my corps with which my battery was and had arrived from City Point just in the nick of time to defeat General Early's men. Then I saw President Lincoln stand upon the parapet over Stevens' Point, watching the fight. The next morning Early's army had gone.

I saw Mr. Lincoln twice at the White House just fifty-two years ago and shook hands with him the last time two months before his assassination. It is for that reason that I have been requested to introduce the distinguished speakers this evening. It is a great privilege for us to have the pleasure of listening to the Rev. D. Robb Zaring, editor of the *Northwestern*

Christian Advocate, speaking on "Lincoln, the Great Artist," and the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones who will speak on "Lincoln, the Prophet."

These two addresses struck the high-water mark among all the utterances of this never-to-be-forgotten expedition and we await a later opportunity to offer them in full to our readers.

The Twentieth Anniversary of the Lincoln Memorial University

(From stenographic notes by A. L. K.)

February 12, 1917.

Early Monday morning we, passengers on the special Chicago train, arrived at the University to find its twentieth anniversary in full celebration.

A program covering three days and embracing over one hundred speakers from all parts of the country had been already in progress for two days, and it may be interesting to note that among this galaxy of masculine speakers two women students modestly shone and represented their sisters. Our party brought a fresh contingent of orators, filling up the third day to overflowing. The character and history of Lincoln were described from every aspect and the list of descriptive adjectives exhausted. Lack of space precludes any detailed mention of the splendid utterances, the floods of oratory inspired by the unique subject, and we can only grasp here and there a brief expression standing out from the general brilliancy of the occasion.

Fred A. Jones, speaking for the student body, offered the following welcome to the Chicago delegation:

Friends, gathered to celebrate with us the holiday dearest to L. M. U., we greet you. Not to the Lincoln Memorial, which a very few years ago consisted of a single building and a handful of students do we now welcome you, nor yet to the more pretentious institution which we hope to see here in the near future, but to Lincoln Memorial University, as you now find it, we give you hearty welcome.

You find at present a modest school in both numbers and worldly wealth, but L. M. U. is bigger than the number of its students and its wealth is not measured in buildings and dollars. It is a big school, because of what it has accomplished and because of its high aims and ideals. It is rich in a highly capable, willing and earnest body of students, and fortunate in a location that in beauty and fitness for its work cannot be surpassed.

There are many things in our school which are distinctly original and unique, and we feel that many of the departments merit approval. Our farm of six hundred acres we hope to make a model for all the farmers of this section; our new barn for general farm and dairy purposes is not surpassed in East Tennessee; connected with the ever-increasing dairy herd is a well equipped creamery of large capacity, turning out products whose excellence speaks well for the students who do the work. The woodworking department makes, not only good furniture, but develops good workmen as well. Our little print shop produces work that is equally good. These and other industries furnish the employment by which four-fifths of our boys and girls earn all or part of their expenses.

The literary work is not behind the industrial. Good and practical courses are given in Literary, in Scientific and in Commercial subjects; in Music, in Domestic Science and in Agriculture. We rejoice in a faculty that has the interests of the students genuinely at heart. The four Literary and Debating Societies count ninety per cent of the students as their members and interest and enthusiasm in their work is never failing.

But you cannot sufficiently appreciate these things by merely hearing me tell of them. I hope you may find time to see them all for yourselves. May your stay with us be most pleasant and may our acquaintance not end with this single visit. You are always, and at this time especially, welcome to Lincoln Memorial University.

Later in the session, two or three other students confronted the audience, and their manly, simple manner of speaking, and the earnest appreciation of and enthusiasm for this great opportunity of education offered to them, spoke volumes for the splendid work of this splendid institution. The corner of the hall where were gathered seven hundred students from the mountain homes of Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, was the most attractive spot in a surrounding country, indoors and out, of exceptional beauty. The bright, earnest eyes, the evident appreciation of the fine thoughts offered from the platform, the simple dress, the modest, refined manners, the helpful hands and beautiful voices of these happy boys and girls were the focus of all eyes and the inspiration of all speakers.

The story of the assassination was told by Major Rathbone of Chicago, whose father and mother sat in the theatre box with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln on that tragic occasion.

"Lincoln and Law-Enforcement" was the subject of the address of William Hale Thompson, the Mayor of Chicago.

Greetings from many colleges were brought by their representatives. Among this group was Professor M. V. O'Shea of the Department of Education of the University of Wisconsin, who said, in part:

"A year ago I undertook an investigation to determine what is the influence of the distinguished men of history, as well as of characters in fiction, upon people now living. In 97 per cent of all the cases suggested, one name was mentioned as the name of the individual who had exercised the greatest influence, had made the strongest appeal, and that name was the name of the man whose memory we are today celebrating. This institution, founded in the memory of this great man, ought to be a constant appeal to every student on this campus.

"There is another advantage which this university possesses, and that is its isolation, its situation away from the too stimulating and too exciting influences of the world. Most of us come from surroundings in which there are influences at work that rob us of early simplicity, that attitude of docility which is essential for effective education. You recall that Lincoln said that he did not have much education. As he came to full maturity he could read and write a little, but not much else, and he said, 'All the education that I have received since has been upon the pressure of necessity.' But throughout his life, as all who have written of his attitude toward knowledge testify, he maintained his attitude of docility, his eagerness to get knowledge, placidity of mind, and the attitude which enabled him to assimilate the knowledge with which he came in contact.

"I see before me tonight many students in this institution. Some may be regretting the fact that they are not in centers where there is great stir and excitement. I think it is a cause for congratulation that they are here. With too many university students of about nineteen and twenty, we can see in the expression of their faces, in the attitude of their bodies, that they have become sophisticated, that knowledge has lost its appeal toward them, and that there is no

warmth or enthusiasm for the things which the institution of learning offers. I have seen in other institutions, not alone in colleges, but further down, down in the secondary schools and even in the grades, an attitude of indocility, pupils who sit in their seats and scoff at their instructor—they know more than he does.

"Under the conditions here it seems to me docility can be preserved, and I think the students should take that as a matter of congratulation. We have not noticed a single one of these mountaineer students that seemed to be blasé, but all seemed to be full of freshness and enthusiasm.

"As I look at Lincoln's life and education, I realize that he still, even with his meager education, achieved the highest things. He wrote the purest English that has been produced in the language, and in every way he exhibited the highest qualities of individual development, and I believe the reason is that throughout his life he remained simple, docile. Knowledge always bred enthusiasm in him, and he took advantage of every opportunity to add to his knowledge and particularly to apply it to the practical situations in life. I want to congratulate those connected with this institution that they have here an opportunity to preserve a simple, wholesome virility which will in the highest sense bring success, and I want to bid the heartiest Godspeed to this Lincoln Memorial University."

The twin thought was brought out by the Hon. Charles A. Towne of Minnesota, who in speaking on "Lincoln, His Own University," emphasized the value of that isolation which so helped to develop and strengthen the inner life, both mental and spiritual, of the backwoods boy. The loneliness of souls in which are planted the seeds of greatness often proves a large factor in character building.

Scores of members of legislatures, both state and national, ministers, bankers and business men from all points of the compass added their laurels to the magnificent wreath laid at the feet of the great American.

The final word of the three days' conference was spoken by Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. He said:

"The Abraham Lincoln Centre of Chicago, in the persons of a score or more of its workers, brings greeting to the Lincoln Memorial University. The Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago is the creation of All Souls Church, a church based upon Lincoln's creed, for he said: 'When a church is based upon the Golden Rule, that church will I join.'

"I have longed for years for a chance to talk to the boys and girls of this university; I am conversant with its history, but this is not the time nor the place for me to deliver the message that is in my heart, nor to cultivate the acquaintances that I crave in this presence. Suffice it to say that all this talk of Lincoln that you have listened to these three days, all the compliments that have fallen from our too fluent lips, fill me with anxiety. Let us beware how selfish men exploit the disinterested Lincoln! Beware lest men actuated by hate and prejudice may mouth the words of the great Lincoln, who belonged not to the North or the South, not to state or nation, but to humanity! Here is the test of this university, here is the measure of our appreciation of this great prophet of humanity—how broad are your sympathies, how free are your minds? Have you liberated yourself from the prejudices of race, of sects and of sections? That is the true test of love of Lincoln which we carry in our hearts.

"Let others call an Italian a *Dago,* a Jew a *Sheenie,* an Irishman a *Paddy,* or spell Negro with two g's. Don't you students of this 'Lincoln Memorial University' dare do it, for you would dishonor your Alma Mater thereby, for you know that the banana peddler on your streets talks the language of Dante and whistles the tunes which your experts can scarcely interpret on the piano. You know very well that the old iron man, the old clothes man has in his veins the blood of Moses and Jeremiah, of Paul and of the Nazarene, and you ought to begin to know that the blackest skin contains a soul akin to that of a Toussaint L'Ouverture, of a Frederick Douglas or of a Booker T. Washington.

"Measure the quality of your culture by the breadth of your sympathies, by your faith in the powers of peace and the potency of love. Do not insult your great name by masking behind the name of Abraham Lincoln in the interest of force and war and bloodshed, for there is a mightier force in the world now. At some other time and place I wish I might discuss it, but I take my few minutes and ask that the message that I bear from the Lincoln Centre as interpreted in words by one of our own poets, be interpreted by the voice of the chorister of All Souls Church, and I ask you to join in the chorus as Miss Jennie Johnson sings for me the message of Lincoln Centre of Chicago to the Lincoln Memorial University. And as you sing, watch the refrain. Now it is *youth,* anon it is *peace,* and last it is *love.*"

LINCOLN SOLDIERS.

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, in the name of Liberty:
As Christ died to make men holy, as they died to make men free,
We would live to make men noble, and would dwell in unity,
As we go marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, as we go marching on!

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, Lincoln soldiers would we be;
We would live for Right and Justice, as they died for Liberty;
We would rim with white the banner that they flung above the free,
As youth goes marching on.

We would learn today's new duties from each fresh occasion's plea;
We would lift our weaker brother with our love, where'er he be;
We would hush the mouth of cannon in all lands and on the sea,
As peace goes marching on.

Lincoln soldiers marching onward in the noontide's golden glow,
We would pluck the wayside thistle and would lay its proud head low,
We would plant a flower wherever there is soil for flower to grow,
As love goes marching on.

Evelyn H. Walker.

—A. L. K.

Address of Welcome and Responses

At the Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio
February 13, 1917

Mr. Ralph A. Tingle, First Vice-President of Chamber of Commerce: We feel highly honored by your presence here this morning and on behalf of this dear city of ours it is my great pleasure to extend to you a most cordial and heartfelt welcome.

Cincinnati has a tender spot for that great man whose birthplace you have visited. Cincinnati has always had a very great interest in your city and Cincinnati's heart went out to you at the time of your affliction by fire years ago. Cincinnati's heart also rejoices with you in your great prosperity. We often talk of you and many of us frequently say we wish we had a little bit more of the "Chicago push."

We cover almost as much ground as you do, we have seventy-two square miles of city here and have many institutions of which we are proud. I believe we are the only city that has built its own railroad, namely the Cincinnati and Southern. In our banking business last year Cincinnati ranked as the twelfth city of this great country and its bank clearings were one and three quarter billion dollars.

Ladies and gentlemen, we hope your stay will be pleasant and that this short stay in Cincinnati will be one of the bright spots in your hearts.

The little poem which I am about to read I believe expresses the pride of all of us in our own city:

A garden, a perfect mosaic, deep green against the blackest of loam,
Spread out near a little log cabin—an obscure but immaculate home.
I paused to admire—who could help it?—the weedless expanse near the door
Where pleased with my pleasured inspection, stood a mammy of years that are yore.

"A beautiful garden," I ventured. She cupped a brown hand to her ear;
"Fine garden," I shouted, "Oh sholy! It ought to be fine—I live here!"
I went on my way with a sermon, the greatest I ever had heard—
The highest paid preacher existent could never have added a word.

Were every human who cumbers the tiniest spot of the earth
To see that the place he inhabits—the work, brain or fingers give birth,
Stood perfect as e'er he could make it—dear God! what a different sphere!
Let's borrow our motto from "Mammy"—"It ought to be fine—I live here."

Response to Welcome by Jenkin Lloyd Jones: It is a privilege and an honor to stand here for the moment and speak a word of response and appreciation on behalf of your neighboring city of Chicago.

I take it that neither Cincinnati nor Chicago is to be weighed in this presence by the statistics of business or the extent of territory. We have been on a pilgrimage to the shrines that celebrate not the triumph of matter but the splendid realizations of spirit. If Chicago has nothing to offer in competition with Cincinnati but our geographical extent and our commercial triumphs it may well be silent at this moment and in this place. I am glad that Chicago here completes this itinerary in the interest of spirit. We rejoice in our welcome here because this was the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the great Lyman Beecher and many other prophets and preachers. It has been the cradle of ideals. It has been the training school of music and art. It has realized the splendid ambitions of America by absorbing and ennobling representatives of many nations, various races and creeds. By and through its international sympathies it has become the great metropolitan, cosmopolitan center that it is. On behalf of the Chicago of David Swing, of Robert Collyer, of Frances Willard and of Jane Addams we thank you. We would represent the Chicago that has achieved the best and perhaps the most complete law for child protection, established the first Juvenile courts in the United States. I speak for the Chicago of the small parks and many field houses, the Chicago libraries, museums, settlements and progressive churches and I speak for the Chicago of leadership along lines of reform and education; I speak for the seven thousand school teachers of Chicago; I speak perhaps for the two thousand ministers of Chicago; distrusted as they may be in certain quarters, still they are the guardians of that patriotism that rests in ideas and not in force.

We have been down along the lines of past contentions and have been tutored by the harmonies there found to realize that noble as it is to do one's duty with the bullet, it is still more noble to do one's duty with the ballot. We have been down to take a lesson in a citizenship that rests in the instrumentalities of intelligence and love rather than of violence and hate. We are here to say that we want to be tutored by Cincinnati on lines of art and music as well we may. But we are not here to compare notes—it is neither Cincinnati nor Chicago, it is not Ohio nor Illinois, it is not even the United States of America but it is the whole round world that is interested when the name of Lincoln is mentioned. So let us lay aside our conceits that we may in some way justify our appreciation and realize the true enthusiasm for Abraham Lincoln.

Other brief responses were made by Dr. Gage, by Bishop Fallows, by Mr. Alonzo Wilson and by Mr. Clifford Rowe speaking for the Mayor of Chicago. Then the whole party was taken on a two-hour automobile ride through the beautiful parks and suburbs of the city and each personally conducted party was shown the wonderful school-buildings, hospitals, business blocks, and other institutions which helped to make Cincinnati one of the cities of the highest type to be found in the country.

We must not overlook the two informal gatherings that took place on the train during the last hours of the journey.

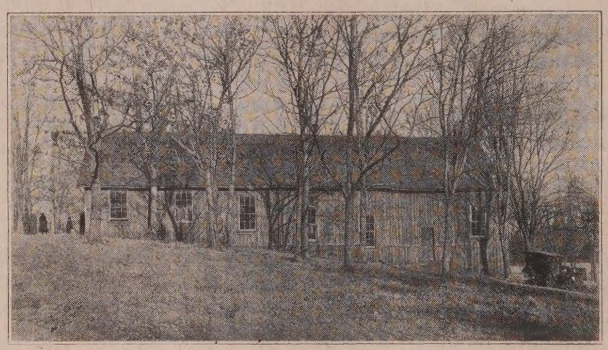
At the first of these, the Lincoln Centre group corralled Mr. Karnopp, the genial representative of the Lincoln Memorial University, set him down in their midst, and individually and collectively congratulated him on his success as a personal conductor, general provider, prompt caller-up-in-the-morning, and all the other offices so worthily filled by him. Also resolutions of thanks to the proper parties were unanimously and vociferously passed.

Then, just at the end of the trip, by special invitation, the occupants of the four cars were gathered in the most forward, and for an hour were entertained by community singing, original poetry, witty stories, and a spirit of hearty fellowship that ended with a verse of

"God be with you till we meet again,"

a hearty handshake all around and—the murky lights of Chicago's suburbs, looming out of the dark, and the last good-bye of this wonderful pilgrimage.

—A. L. K.



AUDITORIUM
Built by Students of the University

Lincoln Memorial University

On Monday, February 12th, at eight a. m., we reached Cumberland Gap, Tenn., the site of this university, which is, in some respects, the most remarkable school in the country. To be exact as to its location, the school is situated about a mile and a half from "The Gap." The postoffice is known as Harrogate. However, mail sent to Cumberland Gap will reach the school. Campus and buildings occupy a beautifully rolling field about 1,400 feet above sea level, and at the foot of the towering peaks of the Cumberland range of mountains. This altitude, with the clear, crisp air of the frosty February morning, gave us keen zest for the delicious breakfast awaiting us, and beautifully served by the young lady students.

The day before we held our loving "Service of Remembrance" in the marble temple enclosing the rude log-cabin birthplace of "The Great American"—verily "holy ground." Nor is there anything incongruous in this truly Grecian temple-protection for the log-cabin shrine of the simple man's birth. Strength, simplicity and beauty of character mark both. Today, on historic ground, we were still further to honor his memory in this living and evergrowing monument dedicated to his name and to the rearing of American citizens along the ideals he had formed. This was the third day of exercises for the school, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of its founding by the late General O. O. Howard. While waiting for the hour of the morning session, we had time to glean a little of the history of Lincoln Memorial University.

Before the school there was another use made of this spot, and back of that the Gap itself to claim our attention, and some followed the Dean of the Women (a Wellesley graduate), Miss Virginia T. Buffum, to a relief map of the district and there reviewed our American history.

The Gap was an important strategic point throughout the Civil War. Seven times during that unhappy period it changed hands. Back and forth like a football it passed from one to the other, being taken finally in '63 by the Federals and held till the close of the war. "Whoever held the Gap blocked or opened at will the only gate which opened the highways to the outside world."

At the Gap, where meet Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, the early settlers had been wont to meet to hear political issues discussed. Clay, Calhoun and Jackson each expounded the policies of his day at the great political barbecues held at this natural gap.

And before those days Daniel Boone had found it the gateway to his onward trail, as before him had the buffalo and the Indian. The Gap is well up in the range, but above it towers Pinnacle Mountain, the highest peak in that region, being over 2,800 feet above sea level. The stone which marks the union of the three state lines rests on the top of an adjacent peak; Boone's monument, at the side of the rocky roadway through the Gap.

In 1863, when General O. O. Howard was conferring at the White House with President Lincoln over the Tennessee campaign, the President stepped to a map hanging on the wall, put his finger where Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia join, and told the General that the people around Cumberland Gap were loyal to the flag and could be trusted. A few months later the General was moving his troops through this region and found all that the President had told him true. These plain, sturdy mountain people fed his soldiers, clothed them in their own homespun and

even took off their shoes in winter for his soldiers, who were barefoot. Later that year, when in Washington again at the President's summons, General Howard told him of the goodness of these Cumberland Gap people. It was the last conversation he ever had with his beloved President. "I shall never forget the look that came from the eyes of that wonderful man as he listened to me," said General Howard, in telling of the conversation. "He came from such people, and his big heart went out to them. He laid his enormous bony hand on my shoulder and said to me: 'Howard, if you come out of this horror alive—and I pray God that you may—I want you to do something for those mountain people, who have been shut out of the world all of these years. *I know them.* If I live I will do all I can to aid you, and between us we can do them the justice that they deserve. Please remember this, and if God is good to us we may be able to speak of this later.' "

About twenty years after the close of the war a British syndicate discovered the mineral riches of the region and in their operations tunneled through the mountain. A palatial hotel with its six hundred acres became the Mecca of wealthy Englishmen who loved the pursuit of the abundant small game. Close by a beautiful sanitarium invited the affluent sick to this health-giving climate. These flourished for a few years, then financial stress ended the "boom" and the abandoned buildings and acres were sold "for a song" to the Rev. A. A. Myers, a missionary preacher from Hillsdale, Mich. He wrote General Howard to revisit the territory and give his advice as to the feasibility of the hope burning in his heart. He came, and recalling his last conversation with his beloved President, saw here the opportunity to fulfill his injunction to "do something for my people," and immediately pledged his support. Mr. Myers also interested his friends, the Reverend Frederick Avery of Cleveland and Mr. Darwin R. James of New York. These three men immediately interested others, and today the spacious grounds now comprising nearly seven hundred acres, with an option on two thousand acres of forest sorely needed for the establishment of a ranger school, dotted with a dozen or more buildings, are devoted to the literary and industrial education of a community which furnished, even in its darkest days, some of the most brilliant statesmen and soldiers this country ever boasted.

Here in place of the original sanitarium, which was burned two years ago, is a beautiful new dormitory for boys, Grant-Lee Hall; an equally beautiful one for girls, Norton Hall; the conservatory of music; the creamery; the stock and dairy barn; the printing office and homes for the President, teachers and some of the workers. The net value of the property is something over $400,000 with an endowment of but $134,500. This sum they are hoping to make $500,000. Another building which I omitted to mention is the newest one, the Auditorium, built as were many of the others by the students' own hands, and in which these twentieth anniversary exercises were held.

Many prominent men are on its board of directors: Reverend Frederick B. Avery of Cleveland and his brother, Samuel P., of Hartford, Conn.; Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston; B. B. Herbert of Chicago; Judge N. S. Marvin of Cleveland, and F. A. Seiberling of Akron, Ohio, are but few of the twenty-seven names comprising the directorate.

The twenty-four members of the faculty, in addition to the instructors in the preparatory classes, represent the leading colleges and universities of the country, and the standard of instruction is ranked by the State Superintendent of Public Schools of Tennessee with the standard colleges of the state.

The colors chosen for the school are blue and gray, and the name of the school paper, a monthly just launched, is *The Blue and Gray,* a neat and creditable publication. The President is Doctor George A. Hubbell, a man singularly endowed both by nature and training for this high office.

The university maintains eight general branches. They are the schools of letters, science, music, nursing, domestic science, industrial arts, agriculture and business, and bona fide degrees are conferred upon those who finish their course. One has but to look at the happy, keen-eyed boys and girls, and hear but a very few testimonies from its several hundred students, to believe that Lincoln Memorial University is "not alone an institution but an embodiment of wholesome ideals; a training place for character and power; a school community permeated by ambition, high resolves and earnest purpose; a group of growing Americans over whom broods the spirit of Lincoln in generous thought and kindly judgment; a place where man is free to grow, to think, to live, and to achieve."

The many character-building elements here abounding; the democracy of the school where only fourteen per cent of the students do not earn part or all of their expenses; the very solitude and remoteness from the distracting things we call "life," which are so easily within reach of too many of our universities, and so hinder the power to concentrate, are assets of Lincoln Memorial University beyond computing. And boys and girls by the hundreds have to be turned away for lack of room.

But I must try to tell you something of that day's proceedings in the most unique celebration, I suspect, in all school history; yet it is hard to put on paper an atmosphere so charged with love, patriotism, zeal and sanctity as permeated that assemblage, which was composed of city and country, mountain and valley folk; educators of the highest renown; ministers of all denominations and of international fame; Congressmen, United States Senators and Governors, and many of the students, in this auditorium built and tastefully decorated by student hands.

At ten o'clock the Chicago delegation entered and were given welcome by the band. The natural wood finish of the pine relieved by bands of evergreen outlining windows and doors, was very beautiful and effective; only the back of the stage was painted white, thus forming an effectual background for the bits of

color afforded by two groups of three small American flags on each side of a large painting depicting the President and General Howard in that memorable conversation preceding his Chattanooga occupation. It was with an awed feeling that we gazed upon that portrait of the two noble men and realized that we were sitting in almost the spot indicated by that long finger, and could hear the earnest words, "Remember my mountain people." The frieze over the stage, which was rounding at the back, was composed of small, graceful spray groups of mountain laurel, and other green branches of indigenous growth, a restrained and beautiful decoration.

In the front of the blue and gray programs handed us as we entered was a reproduction of the Barnard statue of Lincoln, presented to Cincinnati by Charles P. Taft. Mr. Barnard was on the program to speak on "The Face of Lincoln," but we were disappointed by his failure to appear.

The regular opening exercises over, the several gentlemen on the program paid their tributes in well chosen speeches reported in another part of this paper. In short, it would seem as if the great man whose birth we were commemorating was studied from every angle and characteristic possible. We were linked again to history with the personal touches in the addresses given by Mayor Thompson and Mr. Henry Rathbone of Chicago, whose fathers took part in the stirring days of the Civil War, and were very close to the President, Mr. Rathbone's father being the Major Henry Rathbone who was the President's guard in the box at the theatre the night he was shot, and who himself received a wound from the assassin. Mayor Thompson's father was with Farragut at Mobile Bay.

Another interesting feature of this twentieth anniversary was the presentation of the portrait of one of the board of directors, a gentleman who for over eighteen years has been deeply interested in the school, Mr. B. B. Herbert. The presentation address was made by Bishop Fallows of Chicago and the acceptance was by Judge U. S. Marvin of Cleveland in a few scholarly and witty remarks. He begged the students to express their admiration for the portrait in words more fitting than the over-worked "Fine and dandy."

BARNARD STATUE OF LINCOLN
Cincinnati, Ohio

After several other tributes to the great name, the morning session adjourned. On the way to the midday meal, so well served and so appreciated by the visitors, we took part in a flag raising ceremony on the campus.

When the afternoon session was about half completed some of us, though reluctantly, left the auditorium in order to drive in those wonderful mountains. We went up to the Gap, where a statue of Daniel Boone is to be erected—the base is now there—and where you can look into three states. We passed King Solomon's Cave, which is almost as remarkable as Mammoth Cave, and which is the source of the school's water supply. We then drove many miles in the mountains on the Virginia side, passing many log-cabin homes similar to those from which these students come, and seeing one queer team—a yoke of oxen preceded by a span of determined looking mules drawing a loaded farm wagon. Back to Norton and Grant-Lee Hall for supper, then to the evening exercises closing the three days' program.

Notwithstanding the many eloquent addresses to which we had listened, to the writer those that perhaps were the most pleasurable, were the ones given by the several students on "The Democracy of the Lincoln Memorial University," and "What the School Means to Me."

A school that can from the raw material shape and fashion such thinkers and speakers as those young people — clear-brained, logical, self-poised and unafraid—is a school that commands all the help we can possibly give it, and all respect. They are having to turn away boys who are clamorous for admission; boys who walk miles and are willing to sleep on the floor in order to receive an education. Cannot the readers of UNITY give, each, a small amount toward this much needed endowment? I haven't half told the story of the aims and aspirations of the school, nor of the work it has already done in lifting the pall of illiteracy from many a yearning soul. Who knows but again in our history we may need to look to these mountains for strength in some crisis; and who knows but the leader in some apparently lost cause may come to the deliverance of a nation from these very mountains, prepared for his high task by or through the radiating influence of this brave, struggling Lincoln Memorial University.

Said the man whose name it bears: "Good citizenship demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known but must be made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected and defeated but must be destroyed."

Shall not we help to fulfill the demands of good citizenship as enunciated by our great Lincoln?

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

"No life is so hard that you can't make it easier by the way you take it.

(Life and Gabriella) —*Ellen Glasgow.*

The Challenge of the War Situation to the Christian Churches

There are many valid and insuperable arguments why the United States at this time should not declare war on Germany: (1) because we have submitted to the English blockade of German ports for all contraband goods ("Contraband" being defined by England and including food as well as munitions); (2) because we ourselves practiced the blockade in the Civil War; (3) because we must allow that Germany's recent warning is only in extension of the area of active warfare; and "freedom of the seas" can be expected reasonably only in time of peace, not of war; (4) because we cannot expect reasonably that this blockade of England by Germany is going to result otherwise than in an ending of the war without victory for either side, a desirable ending according to the mind of real neutrals and practical idealists; (5) because above all else we do not want to add to the extent of the horrors, misery, hatreds, ineffectiveness for good that is part and parcel of this and all other wars.

But the challenge to the Christian Churches is on a higher ground. The churches of America have quite unanimously regretted that the European Churches did not possess or exercise influence to prevent the war in 1914. Those churches have been severely and quite justly condemned for not doing so or being able to do so, by the people outside of the churches here. Now comes the crises wherein we ourselves stand or fall. We, of the Churches, should know the glorious effort being made by American Socialists to play a bigger and better part than their European comrades did in 1914. And it should be a challenge to the disciples of the Prince of Peace in America to be true to their colors as such.

We should rise above insistence upon honor and dignity, just as we should see through the plots of those disposed to war for economic advantage, selfish and callous to all humanitarian issues involved. We should believe that righteousness exalteth a nation and have faith that right makes might. We should believe that blessed are the peacemakers, and be anxious to be able to act as such from now on to the end of the war. We cannot storm our way into the Kingdom of God. "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Let the Church also be true to the Master in demanding cleansing of the inside of the cup. We have problems affecting our honor in our own colonies and in those Central American States like San Domingo and Haiti where we are exercising moral (?) and political suzerainty—whether in behalf of righteousness and justice or of commercial interests, we do not know. We have problems of economic justice in this country to attend to and to solve. We cannot over complain of the loss of a few American lives on belligerent ships in the war zone when we are little concerned with the enormous loss of limb and life and well-being by thousands of men, women and children in American industry. "Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup, that the outside thereof may become clean also."

At any rate let the Church stand for the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, be forgiving that we may be forgiven also, be just that justice may be measured to us again, and be peacemakers that we may become the sons of God and brothers all.

Excerpts from Sermon of February 18, 1917.

FRED A. MOORE.

Universalist Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

Frederick Douglass

To the general public the month of February offers welcome opportunity for patriotic feeling and exercise in the recurring anniversaries of the founder and of the saviour of the republic, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, on the 22nd and 12th of the month. To a smaller number of growing size and importance the calendar marks another date, of nearer and dearer interest, as the birth-month of Frederick Douglass. The actual day of the month is not known, for there are no records of the births from slave parentage. The celebrations of our colored friends, unfailing as the sun, run all through the month, clustering about the seventeenth. From pulpit and platform and in the press, words of special praise and thanksgiving are spoken, large gatherings assemble to honor with elaborate programs of song, the stirring strains of organ and band, and a liberal display of oratory, the man who lifted himself from slavery and became one of the most powerful factors in the emancipation of his race and the moral redemption of his country. It is high time this date and anniversary were added to the other two among our national holidays and made of general observance. The fact that the greatest Negro in our history was born in the same month as the nation's founder and the republic's saviour is of more than mere poetic interest, and gives food for reflection to those who incline to read human destiny in the stars.

Among the numerous larger gatherings held in the different colored sections of the city was one, smaller but most appropriate and significant, in which white and black met together to mingle their words of praise and exchange felicitations over an event which contributed no more to the emancipation, except in a very external sense, of one race than another. On the evening of the 21st under the auspices of the Frederick Douglass Center, a few understanding souls met at Abraham Lincoln Centre in the pleasant assembly room named for Emerson, to partake of a supper served by the ladies of All Souls Church, and to listen to an address on the hero of the occasion by the minister of the church and the Editor of UNITY. The program was fitly opened with the singing of some jubilee songs—folk songs, as they are beginning to be designated. The speaker went to his barrel for his speech and found it in a sermon preached after the death of Frederick Douglass which occurred shortly after the close of the Columbian Exposition where his tall, distinguished figure was one of the most notable on the grounds, and where he held official residence as the representative of Hayti. The story of the slave child, reared by his grandmother, separated from his mother through the harsh discipline of a slave system, learning to read in the beginning from his mistress, later by any means he could find, fleeing north as soon as he became convinced of the hopelessness of his position as a piece of human merchandise, was retold, followed by that other one embracing his experiences, brilliant but hazardous, in the North and in England, as an escaped slave and a rec-

ognized leader, second to no other in ability and influence, in the anti-slavery reform. There was a brief discussion, led by Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth who was followed by Judge Edward Osgood Brown, Rev. Duncan C. Milner, Mrs. E. L. Davis and Mrs. Woolley. Dr. George C. Hall, president of the Douglass Center presided. It should be added that this particular celebration was of the greater import and interest as the hundredth anniversary. Long before another century has rolled round, let us hope the name of Douglass will be placed where it belongs, by the side of the great emancipator whose close personal friend he was, where he will be numbered not among great race leaders alone but among the nation's heroes and the leaders of a rising humanity.

—C. P. W.

OUT OF FLANDERS.

Three of us sat on the firing-bench
Watching the clouds sail by—
Watching the gray dawn blowing up
Like smoke across the sky.
And I thought, as I listened to London Joe
Tell of his leave in town,
That's good *vers libre* with a Cockney twang;
I'll remember, and write it down.

W'en I went 'ome on furlough,
My missus says to me, "Joe,
'Ow many 'Uns 'have you killed?"
An' I says to 'er, "Uns?"
Not thinkin' wot she meant,
"Yes, 'Uns!" she says, "them sneakin', low-lived 'Uns!"
Bitter? Not 'arf, she ain't!
An' they're all the same w'y in Lunnon.

My old mate Bill, who's lame
An' couldn't enlist on that account,
'E staked me to a pint of ale
At the Red Lion. Proper stuff it was
Arter this flat French beer.
"Well, 'ere's to old times!" says Bill,
Raisin' 'is glass,
"An' bad luck to the 'Uns you've sent below!
'Ow many you think you did for, Joe?"
'E arsked if I'd shot and seen 'em fall,
Wanted the *de*-tails and wanted 'em all!

An' there was my old boss in Balham,
Gave me a quid w'ich I took, willin' enough,
Altho' I made a stall at refusin'.
"That's all right, Joe, boy! Glad to do it!
It ain't much, but it'll 'elp you to 'ave a pleasant week.
But w'en you goes back to the trenches,
I wants you to take a crack at the 'Uns fer me!
Get me a German fer every penny in that sovereign!" 'e says;
Smashin' 'is fist on the table
An' upsettin' a bottle o' ink.
"Lay 'em out!" 'e says:
"Now tell me, 'ow many you killed, about?"

Speakin' o' 'ymns o' 'ate,
They sings 'em in Lunnon, I'm tellin' you straight!
You ought to see their faces w'en they arsks you about the 'Uns!
Lor' lummy! They ain't *arf* a bloodthirsty lot!
An' the wimmen as bad as the men.
I was glad to get back to the trenches again
W'ere there's more of a 'uman feelin'.

Now, us blokes out 'ere,
We knows old Fritzie ain't so bad as 'e's painted
(An' likely, they knows the same about us).
Wot I mean is, 'e ain't no worse than wot we are,
Take 'im man fer man.
There's good an' bad on both sides.
But do you think you can s'y anything good
About a German, w'en yer in Lunnon?
Strike me pink! They won't believe you!

'E's a 'Un, wotever that is,
Some kind o' wild beast, I reckon—
A cross between a snake
An' one o' them boars with 'orns on their noses
Out at Regent's Park Zoo.

One night at the Red Lion,
I was talkin' about the time
Nobby Clark got 'it out in front of our barbed wire.
Remember 'ow we didn't find 'im till mornin',
An' the stretcher-bearers brought 'im in;
Broad daylight it was,
An' not a German firin' a shot
Till we got 'im back in the trench?
Well, there was fifteen or twenty in the pub,
An' not one of 'em was glad old Fritzie acted w'ite!
Wouldn't that give you the camel's 'ump?
They'd sooner 'ad Nobby an' stretcher-bearers killed,
If only the 'Uns, as they call 'em,
'Ad played dirty an' fired w'ile they was bringin' 'im in.

Another time I was a-tellin' 'em,
'Ow we shout back and forth acrost the trenches
W'en the lines is close together,
An' we get fed up with pluggin' at each other.
An' I told 'em about the place
This side of Messines, w'ere we was only twenty yards apart,
An' 'ow they chucked us over some o' their black bread,
Arter we'd thrown 'em 'arf dozen tins o' bully.
Some of 'em didn't believe me an' some did.
But sour? S'y! 'Ere! They was ready to kill me
Fer tryin' to make out that Fritzie's a 'uman bein'!

It's a funny thing. The farther you get from the trenches
The more 'ate you finds;
An' by the time you gets to Lunnon—
Blimy! They could bit the 'eads offen nails
If they was made in Germany.
I reckon they're just as cheerful an' lovin'-like in Berlin.
Give us a fag, son. I'm clean out.

Literary Digest. —*James Norman Hall.*

Truth, Right, the Ideal and Beauty

There are a number of worlds the animals do not enter, but man possessing all the physical senses, finds his being in the illimitable universes of Truth, Right, the Ideal and Beauty.

Through the love of the true, man has discovered laws deep as the sea and as high as the stars; through the love of the good, he has, after a myriad trials, ascended to the Cross; through the love of the ideal the creative imagination has risen in the poet to poetry and in the prophet, to faith, vision and religion; and through the love of the beautiful, to the arts.

Emerson said: "There is a pleasure from works of art, that nothing else can yield."

Beauty is the unique aliment of the spirit. Something within us that compels us to strive for the lofty and the beautiful.

That which orbs itself in beauty, makes life purer and stronger; for beauty has its authority as well as ethics.

In the most ordinary and coarsest life there is the altar of the ideal before which he at time prostrates himself.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

"Remember, whatever happens, there will be peace at last," cried Mr. Brittling.

"Then why not at the beginning?" demanded Herr Heinrich. —*H. G. Wells.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

REVEREND SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS IN CHICAGO.

Following up the series of meetings reported two weeks ago in UNITY in which John Haynes Holmes was the central figure, the Western Unitarian Conference last week introduced to three different audiences in Chicago the Reverend Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass. The first two were held at Lincoln Centre February 25th and 26th and dealt with the "Larger Loyalties."

Under the title, "The Call of the Church," Mr. Crothers demonstrated that the church is the only organization that fully meets the innate longings of the lonely soul everywhere, and it only does that when it responds to his higher spiritual, social and intellectual demands. A man having found the church which in its creed, or lack of creed, answers to the eternal quest of his soul, his loyalty naturally goes out to that church, and just as naturally should extend itself to the brotherly adoption of city, state, nation and world interests, or what Mr. Crothers calls, "The Greater Loyalties."

His third and last address was made at the City Club rooms where a goodly number of friends having dined together listened to further thoughts of the same general trend. —A. L. K.

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MARCH 4.
Charles Zueblin,
of Boston.

Subject: **"The United States—Pace Maker or Peace Maker."**

Mr. Zueblin needs no introduction to a Chicago audience and is always received enthusiastically wherever he appears. In this lecture he goes to the root of our big international problem which is so intense at this time.

MARCH 11.
S. K. Ratcliffe,
of England.

Subject: **"England in Revolution."**

Mr. Ratcliffe is an editor of "The Manchester Guardian," one of the foremost English newspapers. He is an immensely popular speaker in the United States, as a result of his lecture tours of the last two or three years. He possesses an unusual measure of information on all the important questions of the day in England.

SUNDAY TOPICS.

March 4. Llewellyn Jones, Literary Editor *Chicago Evening Post.* Art in Life.

March 11. Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, New York. The President and the People.

March 18. Rev. Daniel Roy Freeman, Grand Rapids, Mich. Man's Struggle for Universal Religion.

March 25. Rev. Daniel Roy Freeman. Genius and Tradition.

April 1. Mr. Francis Neilson, England.

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